Cut off the heads of two fast growing sprayes,
That looke too lofty in our Common-wealth:
All must be euen in our gouerment.
You thus imployde, I will goe roote away
The noysome Weedes that without profit sucke
The soyles fertilitie from holsome Flowers.
Man. Why should we in the compasse of a Pale,
Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,
Shewing in a modell our firme estate,
When our sea-walled Garden, the whole Land
Is full of Weedes; her fairest Flowers choakt vp,
Her fruit trees all vnprund her hedges ruinde,
Her Knots disordered, and her holesome Hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers,
Gard. Hold thy peace,
He that hath suffred this disordered Spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the fall of Leafe:
The Weedes that his broade spreading Leaues did shelter,
That seemde in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are puld vp, roote and all, by *Bullingbrooke*:
I meane the Earle of *Wiltshire*, Bushie, Greene.
Man. What, are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And *Bullingbrooke* hath seizd the wastfull King.
Oh what pittie it is, that he had not so trimde
And dresst his Land; as we this Garden, at time of yeere
Do wound the barke, the skinne of our fruit trees,
Least being ouer-proud with sappe and blood,
With too much riches it confound it selfe.
Had he done so, to great and growing men,
They might haue liude to beare, and he to taste
Their fruites of duetie: superfluous branches
We loppe away, that bearing boughes may liue:
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waste of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.
Man. What, thinke you the King shall be deposde?
Gard. Depresst he is already, and deposde

T'is, doubt he will be. Letters
To a deare friend of the Duke
That tell blacke tidinges.
Queen. Oh! I am prest to death
Thou old *Adams* likenes set to
How dares thy harsh rude tong
What *Eue*? What *Serpent* hath
To make a second fall of curse
Why dost thou say King *Richa*
Dart thou, thou little better th
Diuine his downe fall? Say, wh
Camst thou by this ill tidinges
Gard Pardon me Madam, li
To breath these newes, yet wha
King Richard, he is in the migh
Of *Bullingbrooke*: their fortune
In your Lo. scale, is nothing b
And some few vanities that ma
But in the ballance of great *Bu*
Besides himselfe, are all the En
And with that oddes, he wheig
Post you to London, and you
I speake no more then euery c
Queen. Nimble Mischaun
Doth not thy embassage belo
And am I last that knowes it?
To serue me last, that I may lo
Thy sorrow in my breast: co
To meete at London, Londo
What, was I borne to this, tha
Should grace the triumph of
Gardner, for telling me these
Pray God the plants thou gra
Gard. Poore Queene, so that
I would my skill were subiect
Heere did she drop a teare, he
Ile set a bancke of Rewsowre H

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH